

1932

Graduation



Vol. XI GRADUATION ISSUE No. 3

# THE ABHS

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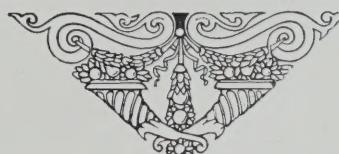
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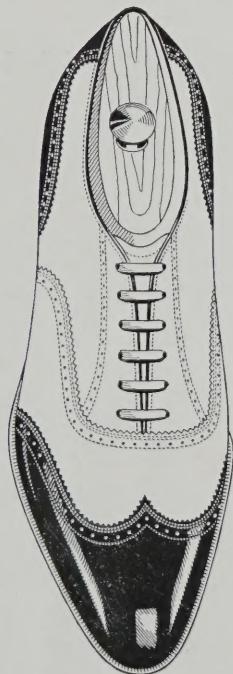
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# Choosing a Career

High School graduates in large numbers, either immediately after completing their high school courses or even after they have acquired still further cultural education, find themselves making the decision to seek positions in business rather than in the professions, in order that they may the sooner become financially independent. At such times both high school and college graduates are face to face with the same difficulty—that of persuading employers that they possess qualifications which may be developed into valuable business assets.

Should you choose to enter Business as your vocation, it would be well for you to take an inventory of your assets, and consider whether or not you can offer an employer anything that he would be willing to purchase.

Assuming that in addition to your education you are possessed of such valuable assets as good personality, initiative, willingness to work, etc., have you that which in the eyes of the employer is absolutely essential—a satisfactory knowledge of the fundamentals of business practice, without which your other qualifications are of little value in the modern business office? Lacking such training it is almost impossible to secure admission to a business office; much less to meet successfully the severe competition of those who with less cultural education yet are possessed of a practical knowledge of business fundamentals.

Young men and young women who may be interested in training for successful careers in business will find it to their advantage to write to principal L. O. White, Bryant & Stratton Commercial School, 334 Boylston Street, Boston, for information regarding Business Administration or Secretarial Courses. The Summer Session opens July 5; the Fall Session September 6.

## A SYSTEMATIC PLAN

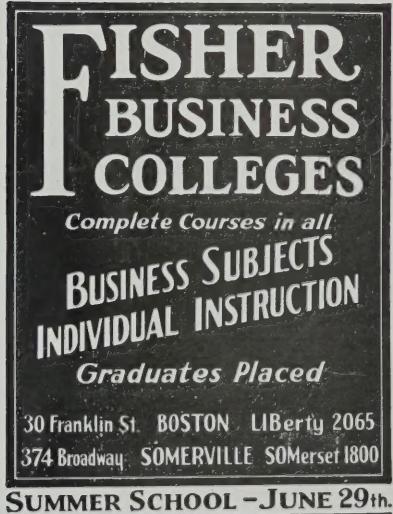
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# THE ABHIS

JUNE 1932

Vol. XI

No. 3



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**Jerome A. Gallant, Jr.***"Jerry"*

"Had he been caught young  
He might have been tamed."  
Class President (2) (3) (4);  
Track (1) (2); Manager  
(1); Class Play Committee  
(4); Class Play Cast (4);  
Glee Club (1) (2) (3); Ab-  
his Board (2) (3) (4); Busi-  
ness Manager (4); Science  
Club (1) (4); Business Man-  
ager of Magazine Drive (4);  
Athletic Association (1) (2)  
(3) (4); Ring Committee  
(3); Decoration Committee  
(3); Hi-Y Club (3) (4);  
Vice-President (4); Gradu-  
ation and Reception Com-  
mittee (4); Senior Dance  
Committee (4); Class Color  
Committee (4); English Club  
(2); Usher (4); High  
School Reunion Committee  
(4).

Burdett

**Rebecca Burton Faunce***"Berecca", "Becky"*

"With woman the heart argues,  
not the mind."  
Secretary-Treasurer, Basket-  
ball (1) (2); G. A. C. (1)  
(2); Hockey (1) (2); Ath-  
letic Association (1) (2) (3)  
(4); Abhis Board (3) (4);  
Class Play Cast (4); Abing-  
ton Women's Club (4);  
Honor Roll, Salutatory, Re-  
ception Committee (4).  
Bridgewater

**Priscilla Arnold***"Giggs", "Johnny"*

"In her nature there is  
nothing melancholy".  
Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4);  
Junior Girls' Club (3); Class  
Play (4); Civic Club (1);  
Decorating Committee (3).

**Mary Ellen Bailey***"Kid", "Mamie"*

"A gentle voice is ever a  
lovely thing."  
Baseball (1) (2) (3); Bas-  
ket ball (1) (2) (3) (4);  
Field Hockey (1) (2) (3)  
(4); Track (3); G. A. C.  
(1) (2) (3) (4); English  
Club (2).  
Nurse

**Francis Eugene Belanger***"Never such a swain as he  
now-a-days for harmonie."*

Science Club (1) (2) (3)  
(4); Orchestra (1) (2) (3);  
Athletic Association (1) (2)  
(3) (4); English Club (2).  
Boston Conservatory of  
Music

**John Belcher**

"Amusement is the happiness  
of those that cannot think."  
Sophomore English Club  
(2); Abhis Board (1) (2)  
(3) (4); Athletic Associa-  
tion (1) (2) (3) (4).

**Roger Van Amringe***"A Sportsman complete."*

Football (1) (2) (3) (4);  
Track (3) (4) (Captain);  
Science Club (1) (4);  
Honor Roll (1) (2) (3)  
(4); Vice-President of class  
(2) (3) (4); Class Play  
Committee (4); Swimming  
(3); Hi-Y (4); Abhis Board  
(2) (3) (4); Senior Dance  
Committee, Business Man-  
ager Abhis (4); Decoration  
Committee (3); Class Play  
(4).

West Point

**Marguerite Louise Aherne***"Peg"*

"Life's little ironies"  
Girls Glee Club (4); G. A.  
C. (1); Sophomore English  
Club (2).

**Herbert Wesley Bailey***"Bailey"*

"Silence is become his  
mother-tongue."

**Henry Elmer Bates***"Hen"*

"There is no dependence that  
can be sure but a depen-  
dence upon oneself."  
Orchestra (2); Hi-Y (3).  
Bentley School of  
Accounting

**Evelyn Cecelia Belcher***"Ev", "Evie"*

"God has given us tongues  
that we may say something  
pleasant to our fellowmen."

Glee Club

Burdett College

**Anna Catherine Carolyn***Bosak**"Min"*

"Ambition! powerful source  
of good and ill."  
Science Club (1) (2) (3)  
(4); Debating Club (3);  
Girls' Club (3); G. A. C.  
(1) (2) (3) (4); Assistant  
Secretary of G. A. C. (3);  
Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4);  
Baseball (1) (2) (3) (4);  
Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4);  
English Club (2); Athletic  
Association (1) (2) (3) (4).  
Nurse

**George Brenner**  
"Abe"

"Oh! that this too solid flesh  
would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into  
a dew."  
Baseball (2) (3) (4); Football  
(1) (3) (4); Basketball  
(1) (2); Track (1); Athletic  
Association (1) (2) (3)  
(4); Debating Club (3).



**Alma Marie Buckley**

"I see no objection to smallness,  
in moderation."  
Glee Club (2) (3) (4)



**Franklin Winfield Calkins**  
"Frank"

"The light that lies  
In woman's eyes  
Has been my heart's undoing."  
Science Club (1) (2) (3)  
(4); Football (1) (4);  
Track (1) (3) (4); Basketball  
(1); Hi-Y (3) (4); Orchestra  
(1) (4).  
Northeastern



**Elizabeth Williams Clapp**  
"Lizzie"

"Her talents are of the more  
silent class."  
Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4).



**Mary Connell**  
"Bunny"

"The times are big  
with tidings."  
Girls' Club (3); Girls' Glee  
Club (1) (2) (3) (4);  
Decoration Committee for  
Reception (3); Brockton  
Enterprise Reporter (3) (4);  
Plymouth County Reporter  
(2); Civics Club (1); English  
Club (1); Basketball (1);  
Track (1) (2); Tennis (1);  
Debating Club (2); Athletic  
Association (1) (2) (3);  
State prize in shorthand (4).



**Ruth Evelyn Cullinane**  
"Bunny"

"A woman's whole existence  
is the history of her  
affections."  
English Club (2); Glee Club  
(1) (2) (3) (4); Junior  
Girls' Club (3); Class Play  
Committee (4); Track (1)  
(2); Short Story Contest  
Winner (2).  
Burgett



**Carleton Leslie Brown**

"Pete" "Brownie"  
"On their own merits, modest  
men are dumb."

**Anna C. Burns**

"Burnsie"

"Diligence is the mother  
of good fortune."  
Glee Club (3) (4); English  
Club (2) (3); Science Club  
(1).

Burdett College

**Barbara Chandler**

"Bug"

"The shortest ladies always  
love the longest men."  
Glee Club (1) (3) (4);  
Girls' Club (3); Science  
Club (3); Athletic Association  
(1) (2) (3) (4); Decoration  
Committee (3); High School  
Reunion Committee (3);  
English Club (2); Junior Dance  
Committee.

Pennsylvania Academy  
of Fine Arts

**Harold Emerson Cobb**  
"Em"

"So much one man can do  
That does both act and know."  
English Club (2); Science  
Club (3) (4); Baseball (4);  
Honor Roll (1) (2) (3)  
(4).

Northeastern

**John Hilary Corbett**  
"Johnny"

"To those who know him not  
no words can print  
To those who know him, all  
words are faint."  
Orchestra (4); Hi-Y (4);  
Science Club (4).  
Boston University

**Harold Larracy Dame**  
"Hal", "Larry"

"God giveth speech to all,  
song, to few."  
Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4);  
Athletic Association (1) (2);  
Science Club (4); Football  
(2) (3) (4); Class Basketball  
(1); Varsity (2) (3)  
(4); Captain (4); Baseball  
(2) (3) (4).

**Avito F. Di Cicco**  
"Chic", "Harvey"

"A great and mighty man  
is he."

Track (1) (2) (3); Foot-  
ball (3) (4); Orchestra (1)  
(2) (3) (4); Abhis (2);  
Glee Club (2).



**Edward Esten**

"Eddie"

"My life is one hard grind."  
Football (1) (2) (3) (4);  
Baseball (2) (3); Track (1)  
(3); Basketball (1) (2) (3)  
(4); Swimming (1).



**Dorothy Irene Fisher**  
"Dot", "Dif"

"Her talents were of the  
more silent class."

Basketball (1); Science Club  
(3) (4); English Club (2);  
Girls' Glee Club (1) (2) (3)  
(4); Debating Club, Girls'  
Athletic Club (1); Coke  
Essay Contest Prize.

Gordon College



**Ann Ursula Franey**  
"Ursie", "Urs"

"And gladly would she learn  
and gladly teach."

Glee Club (1) (3) (4);  
Science Club (1); G. A. C.  
(1); Basketball (1); Field  
Hockey (1).

Bridgewater



**Ida Estelle Fuller**  
"Id"

"Moderation and industry are  
the two real physicians  
of mankind."

Science Club (1) (2); Eng-  
lish Club (2); Glee Club (3)  
(4).



**Arthur Wesley Gould**  
"Wes"

"On with the dance! let joy  
be unconfined."

Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4);  
Football (1) (4); Track (1)  
(3) (4); Orchestra (1) (2)  
(3) (4); Glee Club (1) (2).



**Harold Francis Doherty**  
"Dabo"

"Thou art long and lank  
and brown."

**Richard Faford**  
"Ricky"

"When I want good head-work  
I always choose a man  
with a long nose."

Class Basketball (1); Science  
Club.

**John Henry Fitzgerald**

"Fitz", "Hank"

"We all know he has wit,  
And is not shy at using it."

Honor Roll (1) (2); Honor  
Group (4); Abhis Board  
(1) (2) (3) (4); Art Editor  
(4); Beaver Board (2); Hi-  
Y Club (2) (3) (4); Presi-  
dent (4); Treasurer (3);  
Science Club (1) (3); Eng-  
lish Club (1) (2); Decorat-  
ing Committee (3); Usher  
(3); Junior Dance Commit-  
tees (3); Magazine Drive  
Room Leader (2) (4); Bas-  
ketball (3) (4); Class Bas-  
ketball (3) (4); Football  
(1) (3) (4); Baseball Man-  
ager (4); Class Play Com-  
mittee (4); Class Play (4);  
Senior Dance Committee  
(4); Reception Committee  
(4); Class Will (4); Re-  
union Committee (4); Class  
Color Committee (4).

**Norma Virgie Freeman**  
"Dolly", "Cha-cha"

"Both were young and one  
was beautiful."

G. A. C. (1) (2) (3); Glee  
Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Eng-  
lish Club (2); Track (1)  
(2); Baseball (1) (2); Bas-  
ketball (1) (2).

**Arthur Joseph Goebel**  
"Art", "Goby"

"With just enough of learning  
to misquote."

Science Club (1) (4).

**Joseph Michael Griffin**  
"Joe"

"Some folks are wise and  
some are otherwise."

Baseball (3) (4); Football  
(3) (4).

**Robert Hansen**

"Bob"

"The man who blushes is not quite a brute."

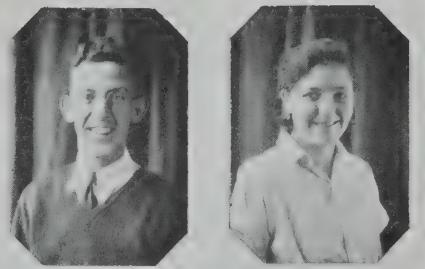
Orchestra (1) (2) (3).  
Northeastern



**James Francis Hinckley**

"Pete", "Hinck", "Nerts"  
"Hail, fellow, well met."  
Science Club (4); Track Manager (3) (4); Hi-Y (3) (4); Secretary (4); Athletic Association (4).

American University



**Constance Hood**

"Connie"

"To know her is to love her."  
Girls' Glee Club (3) (4); Science Club (4); Class Editor (1); Class Play (4); English Club (2).

Massachusetts School of Art



**Ethel Charlotte Kilroy**

"Etelman", "Carlotta"

"Thelie"

"I am stabbed with laughter."  
Science Club (3) (4); Glee Club (3) (4); English Club (2); Girls' Club (3).  
Burdett



**Bernice Dean Ludden**

"Bunny"

"The whole praise of virtue lies in action."  
G. A. C. (1) (2) (3) (4); Hockey (2) (3) (4); Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4); English Club (2); Science Club (3) (4); Treasurer (4); Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Girls' Club (3); Orchestra (2).

Bridgewater



**Catherine Gertrude McCarthy**

"Kay"

"Your sweet face makes a good fellow a fool."  
Girls' Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4).  
Nurse



**Helen Catherine McGovern**  
"The sincere alone can recognize sincerity."

Basketball (1) (2); Sophomore English Club (2); Girls' Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Honor Student (1) (2) (3) (4); Girls' Club (3).  
Bridgewater

**Eugene Joseph Harkins, Jr.**  
"Gene"

"Who loves a garden loves a green house too."

Football (1); Football Manager (4); Basketball Manager (3) (4); Assistant (2); Glee Club (1) (2) (3); Class Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4).

**Melba Lisa Holmes**

"Mel", "Susie"

"Mischief, thou art afoot."  
Honor Roll (1) (2) (3) (4); English Club (1) (2); President (2); Glee Club (1) (2) (3); Room Editor (4); Science Club (3) (4); Vice-President (4); Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4); Class Play (4); Reception Committee (4); Class History (4); Senior Dance Committee (4); G. A. C. (2) (3) (4); Secretary (3); President (4); Field Hockey (1) (2) (3) (4); Baseball (1) (2) (3); Room Leader Magazine Drive (4); Girls' Club (3); Treasurer (3).  
Burdett

**Rosamond Leona Imhoff**

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

Glee Club (2) (3) (4); Orchestra (3) (4); Abhis Board (3) (4); English Club (2); Basketball (4); Science Club (3) (4); Honor Roll (1) (2) (3) (4).

Bridgewater

**Marie Martha Le Bourdais**

"Marty"

"Music is the universal tongue."  
Girls' Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Accompanist for Glee Club (4); Science Club (3) (4); Girls' Club (3); Senior Class Play, Sophomore English Club.

Bridgewater

**Donald Fredric Lytle**

"Don"

"A star you say?  
Nay! a whole constellation!"

Honor Student (1) (2) (3) (4); Freshman Class Play, English Club; Vice-President (1); Bird Club; Vice-President (1) (2); Dramatic Club (1); Vice-President (2); Boston Traveler Short Story Award (2); Poetry Contest, Second Prize (2); Lincoln Essay Contest, First Prize (2); Harvard Summer School Scholarship (2); Debating Club (3) (4); Science Club (3) (4); French Government Medal Award (French Colonial Exposition Essay Contest) (3); Abhis, Assistant Editor (3) (4); Senior Class Play (4); Class Poem (4).

Harvard

**Marion Elsie Mors**

"Discretion of speech is more than eloquence."

Basketball (1) (2); Field Hockey (1) (2); Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4); G. A. C. (1) (2); English Club (2); Girls' Club (3); Debating Club (3); Abhis Board (2) (3) (4); Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Honor Roll; Science Club (3) (4); Reporter for Plymouth County Journal (3).  
Simmons

**Walter A. Nash**

"Snish"

"One gives nothing so liberally as advice."

Science Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Chairman of Program Committee (4); Track (1) (2) (3) (4); Football (3) (4); Class Play (4); Hi-Y (4); Swimming (3); Honor Roll (1) (2) (3) (4); Orchestra (1) (2)! Usher at Play (3); Usher at Graduation (3).

U. S. A. Coast Guard Academy

**Clyde Franklin Poole**

"He thinketh too much—such men are dangerous."

English Club (2); Abhis (2) (3) (4); Science Club (3) (4); Honor Student (1) (2) (3) (4); Usher (3).  
Harvard

**Muguet Carlene Russell**

"Mittens", "Gay"

"Of all those arts in which the wise excel  
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

Science Club (1) (2); Civics Club President (1); English Club (2); Girls' Glee Club (3) (4); Abhis Board (2) (3) (4); Editor (4); Christmas Play (3); Thanksgiving Dance Committee (4); Class Play Committee (4); Honor Roll (1) (2); Class Prophecy (4).  
Nurse

**Frances Josephine Shannon**

"Fran", "Frannie"  
"Friendship is the wine of life."

English Club (2) (3); Glee Club (3) (4).

**Frances I. Stetson**

"Stet"

"Cows are my passion."

Science Club (4); Football (1) (2) (3) (4); Baseball (1) (2) (3) (4) (Captain); Hi-Y (4).

**Marguerite Colby Murray**

"Rita", "Wee-wee"

"I may not be Meethoosalam  
But I'm not a child in arms."

Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Basketball (1); Baseball (1) (2); Class Play (4); G. A. C. (1); Junior Play (3).

**Rowald Walter Pfister**

"Let every man look before he leaps."

Football (1); Track (2) (3) (4).

**Chester Allen Robertson**

"Chet"

"The Scotch are a nation of gentlemen."

Football (4); Hi-Y (4).  
Wentworth

**Sophie Felicia Saulanas**  
"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."

English Club (2); Girls' Glee Club (3) (4); Honor Roll (1) (2) (3) (4).

**Lawrence Donald St. Charles**  
"Lolly"

"Force is a rugged way of making loves."

Football (2) (3) (4); Class Basketball (1) (2).

**Wesley Whitney Stoddard**

"Wes"

"His limbs were cast in manly mold  
For hardy sports or contest bold."

Football (1) (2) (3) (4); Basketball (2) (3) (4); Baseball (4); Science Club (3) (4); Hi-Y (2) (3) (4); Arnold Trophy (3); Honor Student (4).

Bates

**Allison Welister Stone**

"Al", "Stoney"  
"Who does not delight in  
fine manners?"

Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4);  
Glee Club (3); Class Play  
(4); Science Club (1) (4);  
Hi-Y (4); Debating Club  
(2).

Bridgewater



**Louise Torrey**

"Lou"

"A maiden never bold."  
Glee Club (4).



**Elmer Gordon West**

"Westy", "Pal"

"All agog to dash thru thick  
and thin."

Football (1) (2) (3) (4);  
Class Basketball (1) (2);  
Varsity (3); Usher Class  
Play (3); Class Play (4);  
Science Club (3) (4); Or-  
chestra (1) (2); Hi-Y (4);  
Reception Committee (4);  
Track (2); Room Editor of  
Abhis (3) (4); English Club  
(2); Class Color Committee  
(4); Honor Student.

Aviation School



**Joseph Peter Szemutowicz**

"Joe"

"Let the workman be known  
by his work."

Honor Roll (1) (2) (3)  
(4); Science Club (4).

Bridgewater

**Edythe Elizabeth Wellner**

"Edie"

"Tell me, my heart, if this  
be love."

Glee Club (3) (4); English  
Club (4); Class Play (4).

**Madeline Lois Wilcox**

"Maddy", "Sugar"

"Item: that no man shall come  
within a mile of my court."

Basketball (1); Tennis (1);  
Civics Club (1); English  
Club (1) (2); Room Editor  
(4); Glee Club (1) (2) (3)  
(4); Girls' Club (3); Girls'  
Athletic Club (1); Junior  
Dance Committee (3).

**Doris Ellem Woodbury**

"Dot"

"Good things come in small  
packages."

Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4);  
G. A. C. (2); Track (1);  
Baseball (2); Field Hockey  
Club (2).

( Bridgewater

(2) (3); Basketball (1) (2);  
Science Club (4); English

## CLASS POEM

As we together,  
The one with the other,  
Have passed in vivid wonder  
The glorious morn of life,  
So we now  
In the hour of youthful parting  
Shed mutual tears.  
Ours have been glad days,  
Days when fingers young  
Plied earnest—sincere,  
When thoughts towered high,  
When hearts held hopes resplendent.

We live ten-fold fortunate  
Enriched by the labor of those years.  
Our closeness to worth and wisdom  
Has touched us with the grace of culture.  
The silent spoils of class room  
Are revealed in reasoning pure,  
While contests virile—wanly  
Speak through strengthened powers.

We have been as one.  
Together we have known  
The sombreness of shadows stark,  
When thought gave unto thought her all.  
Pleasantness like kindled candles  
Touched the freshness of our mental birth.  
\*Torn thrashed us with relentless labors  
Yet fostered our unleashed fancy—  
The strong sincerity of our real selves  
Staunch teachers prompted.  
The guidance of our God-made souls  
From the dawn of youth-repose,  
To that eternal palace  
Knowledge magnificent  
Of marble, ivory tinted—where the sun  
Thy presence glowing—wildly gleaming  
Hope and beauty engenders into one.

DONALD D. LYTHE.

## THE BISHOP'S CURSE

(Continued from Spring Issue)

John Corbett, '32

**S**IR THOMAS HALE was pacing up and down the length of the library when the butler Simms came in.

"Well, well, well!—How is she?—How is she I say! Don't stand there like a blithering idiot!" Sir Thomas demanded.

"Quite well, sir. In fact she says she feels better now, sir."

"Yes, yes," grunted Sir Thomas, "but has the electrician arrived yet, Simms?"

"Not yet, sir; 'e'll be here shortly sir. You know as how the roads are rather bad, sir." Simms, reverting to his cockney accent, assured his master as he turned and opened the door for Patricia.

"Well, Dad! You surely—"

"Patricia darling! Oh, it won't happen again! Simms has already fixed another room for you, dearest!" Her father eagerly told her.

"Raining out," said Patricia disconsolately, and not noticing her father's last remark, "and I guess I won't get out to look around today. You'll have to show me 'round the castle, though; I'm dying to see it."

"You know—you're a funny girl, 'Pat,'" her father said affectionately, "you don't seem to be a bit moved by that horrible affair last night!"

"In the first place, what good would it do to get all nerved-up?" she retorted. "And in the second place, I really believe now, that it must have been my imagination. I was tired last evening—after the long trip and all, you know—"

"But we heard your scream!" her father persisted.

"Oh, but Dad! I was probably dreaming—a night-mare!" Patricia explained. Her father was about to say more about the matter, when Simms appeared in the door-way, and announced breakfast. Sir Thomas said little to his daughter at breakfast. Patricia watched him keenly, and, because he was silent, so was she. She noticed that he was very "jumpy"; the rattling of the pieces in the stained-glass window behind him drove him nearly to distraction.

"So you want to see the castle today?" he asked at length.

"Oh, you bet, Dad!" Patricia informed him eagerly.

"Come on, then!" he returned. "There's no time like the present. You'd better put on a wrap, the old place is pretty cold and damp this weather."

"I beg your pardon, sir," the butler had just come in, "but the gardener wishes to see you."

"Well—tell him to come here!"

"Very well, sir." The butler disappeared for a moment; then returned with the most singular looking gardener that Patricia had ever seen. He was clothed in the black cassock of a priest; while over his head and face was a black veil of some dark stuff; his hands were concealed by black rubber gloves; and his feet were adorned with thirteenth century pointed leather shoes — with their toes ridiculously curled. Patricia instinctively grasped her father's arm. Then the gardener spoke. His voice was a soft croaking whisper — Patricia thought it to be affected—the words came to her ears as if they had been bubbled up through oil.

"Beggin' yer pardon, guvnor; but I was diggin' out by the east wing, sir, and —"

"What! In the rain?" Sir Thomas interrupted him, incredulously.

"Oh, yes sir—you know it's good for the ground, sir," the gardener returned. "Well, as I was sayin', sir—it was right by the gate, what as leads to the inland spinney—and sir—well, er—I was thinkin' as 'ow the lady 'ad better leave fer 'arf a mo', sir."

"I shall be quite all right where I am!" Patricia intercepted coldly.

"All right, lady—but mind you, don't say I didn't warn you," returned the gardener. "So, as I was tellin' you sir—I found this!" He produced from beneath the folds of his cassock—a human skull — still damp from the fresh earth.

"Oh! Take it away!" Patricia screamed.

"Please, Patricia! You know it's really your own fault!" her father reproached her. "Oh! I'm sorry dear," he relented. "Simms! Take Patricia to my study." Sir Thomas waited until they had gone and then he turned to the gardener—

"Good heavens, Piper, you scared the girl out of her wits!" he blurted out.

"I'm sorry, but I warned 'er, guvnor. She wouldn't list to no reason."

"Yes, yes, I suppose so!" sighed Sir Thomas.

"Well, sir—wot about this here?" Piper held up the skull.

"You know, Piper," Sir Thomas ignored the question, "it seems peculiar that I should have hired you for my gardener—dressed in that outlandish garb! I have never even seen your face, and every time that I question you about the matter—you put me off with some excuse."

"Wot shall I do with this, sir?" Piper's tone

of voice was the same as ever; he apparently had not heard his master's comment.

"Oh, put it back where you got it!" Sir Thomas was mixing a whiskey and soda.

"You're sure you don't wish as to anythin' bein' done about this—did you say, sir?"

"Why—no! No! — Piper — No!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"And this is Dunsbury Chapel, my dear," Sir Thomas opened the great door. The two stepped inside. Patricia decided from the first that she did not like the place; yet it fascinated her. "It's beautiful, isn't it, Dad?"

"I'm very proud of this chapel, my dear," her father answered her. "Why, Patricia," he continued, "Can't you just imagine this place, hundreds of years ago — the chanting of the priests—my ancestors, no doubt—all assembled here?"

Sir Thomas was interrupted by a hollow rumbling from beneath them—the chapel lights flashed on; to their amazement, there came a series of thunderous chords from the organ loft, above them. Patricia looked up to see the figure of a man, clad in overalls, seated at the surprisingly modern organ-console. Sir Thomas raised his voice above the din . . .

"I say there! Stop it! What do you mean?" Who are you? How did you get in here? Come down, come down!" The man turned—and with a whimsical grin on his face, he descended the spiral staircase like a cat. Patricia saw then that he was quite young—about twenty-eight, she guessed.

"I'm the electrician that you sent for, sir."

"But Simms didn't tell me that you had arrived," said Sir Thomas.

"You mean the 'dodo' who let me in?" queried the electrician.

"Precisely, sir!" said Sir Thomas. "What were you doing in the organ-loft just now?"

"I've fixed the lights, sir," responded the electrician, glancing momentarily at Patricia.

"Yes, yes! I can see that. But that doesn't explain why you were at the organ. Young man! I hired you to fix the lighting system—not to entertain me."

"I'm sorry, sir; but you see the trouble was in the organ! Short circuit, or the like! Had to look all over the place to find it, though!"

There was a rather uncomfortable pauze, then, a sound came to their ears which practically petrified them. It was a scream—a hoarse cry of terror—a man's voice. "What was that?" Patricia gasped.

"Good Lord! It's Simms! Come on, let's find him!" cried Sir Thomas. They rushed from the chapel, down the passageway, through the armory—toward Sir Thomas' study. There they met Simms, sprawled in the great stone chair, which was just outside the study.

"He has fainted," announced Sir Thomas, "Patricia! Run into my study and bring the brandy—it's on the cabinet by my desk.

"Oh, dad, do you think he's —"

"Sh-sh! He's coming around now. Listen!" warned her father.

"The monk, sir; the green monk! 'E 'ad a knife, sir; and there was a bell, sir! Around his neck, sir! It was a little bell; but it tolled the knell of death — that it did, sir!"

"Oh, nonsense!" Sir Thomas consoled him, "It was your imagination."

"Oh no, sir! I know what I saw; I'll never forget it, sir. 'E was wearing black, shiny gloves, sir!"

"What was that—black rubber gloves?" the electrician jumped forward.

"Yes, my young man! Simms said 'black, shiny gloves'!" Sir Thomas looked piercingly at the electrician.

"I'm quite all right—now—sir!" Simms rose to his feet, and sidled away in the direction of the butlery.

"Oh, wait, Simms; I'm coming with you; I wish to speak to you a moment." Sir Thomas called after him.

"You know—I was just thinking," Patricia turned to the young man by her side, "how strange it is that an electrician should have the extraordinary ability to play an organ —er, Mr. —what was the name?"

"Derringer, Miss, John Derringer!" he replied.

"I think that father wants you to stay overnight—Simms will show you to your room. Goodnight! Mr. — Derringer!"

"Thank you, Miss Hale. Goodnight!"

Patricia waited for about five minutes after the electrician had departed; then she rang for Simms, and ordered a snack to eat. Simms brought her lunch, and she tood munching a sandwich as she searched for a good book to read herself to sleep with. She fancied she heard a noise behind her—and turned . . . "Oh!" she stifled a cry, "You! What on earth!" It was the gardener, Piper; he was down on his knees — half-way inside the huge fireplace, evidently cleaning it out.

"Never you mind me Miss! I was but cleanin' out the fireplace. You knows they 'as an 'abit of gettin' dirty now and again, Miss!"

"I had always supposed, Piper, that that was the butler's duty; and that it was to be done in the morning—not at this ungodly hour of night." Patricia reproached him.

"An' so it is, mum—Miss; but seein' as 'ow poor Simms was taken so, I thought I'd better do it."

"Very considerate of you, I am sure," Patricia remarked, and left the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Who's in this room?" Patricia sat bolt upright in bed. "I can hear you, whoever you are—who is it?"

"I'm very sorry, Miss Hale, but this could not be helped," it was the already familiar voice of John Derringer.

"Please leave my room instantly, or I shall ring for Simms. Where's the light? Patricia reached for the bedside lamp, but found the light wouldn't function.

"That's just why I am here, Miss Hale. The lights have gone on the blink again. I came to this room, because one of the main wires lies under this floor. I must have awakened you when I was tearing up the floor boards; I found the main wire that leads to the chapel—and to the organ! Now, for the fuse box in the library—and we shall be all fixed. Now one thing more, Miss Hale; I have a surprise for you! I am about ready to disclose this whole troublesome affair which has been bothering you. Meet me at the door of the chapel in about ten minutes. I shall send Simms to escort you there—don't be afraid—I promise that there is no danger. I shall have your father, Simms, and Piper there too—he is most essential." The electrician left the room. Patricia was stupefied! Imagine being led around through a winding castle, at the command of a 'queer' acting electrician!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Sh-sh-sh, everybody!" Derringer warned the little group which hovered close to the chapel door. They were all there but Piper—the gardener; and Patricia remembered that "it was most essential that he be there."

"I expect," Derringer continued, "that our little party ought to begin most any time. When I give the word, you, Sir Thomas, and I will rush in and try to surprise them. You have your gun?"

"Yes! A rather clumsy affair—but quite effective," responded Sir Thomas. As he spoke, they heard a doleful prelude on the chapel organ—then there rose the monotonous wail of some awful Gregorian Chant. Derringer opened the door a crack—then—

"It's all right," he whispered, "they can't see us anyway. I'll open it wider." He did so, and when he did, it was as if some frigid hand from the grave had grazed them; for there, in the center of the great chapel, they saw a circle of men—or creatures—clothed in mouldy green toggs. On a raised dias was the figure of a Druid priest; he was bathed in a circle of greenish white light. As they watched, the priest lifted a shallow basin high above his head and poured from it down into a brazier before him—BLOOD!

It was then that they saw a man, bound to a sacrificial stone. The priest now turned to his

victim, raised a flint dagger, Patricia recognized it—the flint sparkled in the intense light. There was a pause—unendurable—the chant rose—there was the bared breast of the victim—and that knife—gleaming in the ghastly light . . . .

"Can't you stop them?" Patricia was screaming. "Stop them! Get me away from here—of father!"

"All right, now!" shouted Derringer. "Simms! The light switch—it's our only chance—if the fuses don't blow." A brief silence—the greenish white light faded—the chapel lights came on. Everybody stood blinded for a moment—then—they saw the sheepish figures of a Druid Priest, his victim, and his followers—all surrounded by a maze of Kleig lights, motion picture cameras, and microphones! Patricia fainted.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It's all as Mr. Trenton tells you," John Derringer pointed to the former Druid Priest, who was now busily engaged in wiping grease paint from his face, and who evidently was Mr. Trenton, "he and his troupe of actors heard of your famous castle, Sir Thomas, and they decided to film a picture here. Of course they thought it to be uninhabited. At any rate, they carted their apparatus, scenes and what not—all the way from London. They arrived in Potsdam about two weeks ago—that I was able to find out from the local police. Then they usually came up here each night to film their production . . . ."

"That's quite true," Mr. Trenton broke in, "in fact, we really had based the scenario on the legend of The Bishop's Curse which surrounds this old place, Lord Hale!"

"But I haven't even heard of the legend!" Sir Thomas exclaimed.

"Oh, I have, dad!" Patricia assured him. "I was reading all about it in an old volume in your study the other night."

"To go on with the story," continued Derringer, "the players used the chapel as a studio, until they began to blow the fuses—you see they were using so much power. One night they accidentally set up a small portable generator near Miss Hale's room and had already started to film the scene when Miss Hale was frightened out of her wits by our Druid Priest. It was then that they learned that the castle was haunted; you see before that they had been working in the unused parts of the castle."

"Might I say, Mr. Trenton, that you're not half so terrifying now as you were that night?" Patricia laughed.

"And now there is really not much more to say," Derringer went on, "although I might add that I have known Mr. Trenton very well

*Continued on Page 26*

## FROM NEW YORK TO SARDIGIE

(Continued from Spring Issue)

Broni Resevich, '35

LATER we went to Polangens; the largest summer resort in Lithuania. Here we visited the beach and the factories in which amber beads and numerous other ornaments for women's apparel are made.

At nine o'clock we left Memel and boarded a train to Sardigie. When I awoke, I had my first real sight of the country. The people were engaged mainly in planting potatoes, flax, and grains. The level fields extended for long distances. The homes were made of wooden logs and looked very old. After taking a survey of them, my brother said, "I would be afraid to enter one of the houses for fear it might crumble while I was inside."

We arrived at Panevezis, a large city east of Memel, about seven o'clock in the morning. After waiting there till seven at night, we took the train to Sardigie. The locomotive was a small one that burned wood for fuel. The rails, which were only three-fourths of an inch wide, were laid only two feet apart. Though the cars were as long as our own, they were much narrower, and the seats were the hardest I have ever tried to rest upon.

We arrived on the outskirts of Sardigie about nine o'clock and asked the station master to send a message to my aunt. This he did by sending his boy on a run to my aunt's house.

My father's godson and my uncle soon arrived and after much rejoicing they took us to their home in a wagon drawn by two horses. Upon arriving at their home, we were ushered into a small room where for the first time I met my paternal aunt. There was much rejoicing that night and we did not retire until early the following morning. The beds were stuffed with straw and seemed very hard as compared to the soft beds we had been accustomed to sleeping on in America.

The first thing to do in the morning was to go out in the crisp morning air and wash at the well. For breakfast we usually had pancakes, cheese, eggs, and bread and butter and cocoa. The noon meal ordinarily consisted of herrings, potatoes, home-dressed meat, and bread and butter. At night we had soups of various kinds, potatoes, eggs, meats, and bread and butter. Our bread was usually of rye, except on holidays, when we had wheat bread.

A few days after our arrival in Sardigie, my father bought a black horse, a new harness, and a roofless four wheeled chaise. In this ancient vehicle we did most of our traveling.

After spending one week at my aunt's home, we traveled thirty-five miles to see my maternal aunt. Here my brother and I spent much of

our time with the horses. On warm summer nights we camped out of doors or slept on the sweet clover in the barn. While here, we visited many of my mother's relatives. On one of our trips we visited a college in Birsho, a large city in northern Lithuania. The college was much like a modern American institution.

After returning to the home of my father's sister, my brother and I helped plant some potatoes and grains, and helped herd the cattle and feed them. We also learned how to cut clover and other grasses with a scythe.

We often went to nearby towns, where market day is observed. My brother and I bought many commodities such as butter, berries, cakes candy and fruit. On one occasion I sold a bushel of rye. Whenever we were bargaining for goods, the tradesmen would always ask us a double price; for they thought we were Americans and that we were, therefore, easy marks. The goods were very cheap as compared to American products. In Sardigie we could buy three pounds of delicious hand-churned butter for thirty-cents.

Sometimes I went blueberrying where I picked many varieties of these berries not found in America. Sometimes I went in search of mushrooms which abounded in nearby woods. Sometimes I went gathering hazel nuts which were also plentiful along the sides of the brooks.

In Sardigie there were only a few automobiles and these few were either Fords or Chevrolets. There were many bicycles on which I enjoyed interesting rides into the surrounding country, where I saw extensive fields of golden grains and clover, and deep, dark forests of pine or fir, and many windmills dotting the level country. Sometimes I would ride for some distance beside a gentle brook which served as an aid in draining the low flat country. Most of the roads are of dirt except in the cities where the streets are paved with rough cobblestones which make riding uncomfortable. Every hamlet had a church. Sardigie had only three small stores and a church, but the church gives it a place on the map.

Some mornings I would go to a nearby creamery to which the people from the surrounding country take their milk to be churned into butter by modern machinery. The farmers get money for their cream and for a very low price purchase skimmed milk, which they feed to their hogs.

An average family has about twenty-five acres, the average ranging according to the wealth of the family. If a person has twenty

acres of land, five acres may be devoted to rye, the chief grain for pastry; three acres to potatoes, which are one of the cheapest foods and which both men and animals eat; three acres to wheat; two acres to clover; two acres to barley; three acres to oats one acre to flax; and two acres to other grains and plants; and the rest to grazing.

The herding of cattle is done by young children, who for tending the cattle for seven months receive about fifteen dollars and a small quantity of grain and potatoes.

The livestock of an ordinary family consists of five cows, a few cattle, two or three horses, and ten or fifteen sheep.

The clothing of the people is made mainly of flax. Flax is sown in late spring in loamy, well-drained soil. In the early fall the flax is pulled up by hand and put into small bundles, and allowed to dry for a week. Then the heads are removed. These contain the seeds from which the oil is made. The stalks are spread out on an open field and exposed to the dew and sunlight. This loosens the fibers which are later woven into thread on a spinning wheel, which is commonly used. The thread is in turn woven into rough cloth on a hand loom. My aunt had a beautiful bed spread which she had made on such a loom.

The laborers who pulled the flax received only four litas or forty cents a day. This shows that labor in Lithuania is very cheap as compared to that in America.

The property of an average citizen includes a home with two or more rooms and a large hall. In the center of the house is a large stove made of clay bricks, clay, and American Portland cement. It is about twelve feet long and ten feet wide and stands about five feet high. The inside of the stove is hollow and in this space the fire burns. When a housewife wishes to bake bread, she starts a fire and keeps it burning a few hours, then removes it. Then she places the large loaves of rye bread inside the stove. The clay stove keeps the heat in for a long time, sometimes as long as twenty-four hours. After a few hours of baking, the bread is removed. The daily meals are prepared on one end of the stove. The chief fuel is wood. In fact, I never saw a bit of coal during my whole stay in Lithuania. On top of this very useful stove some members of the family sleep. I spent many hours enjoying the warm but hard bed.

Each family has a small barn built of logs. In it grains are kept until they are planted or milled into flour. There is also a large barn of logs where the cattle are kept during the summer nights and throughout the winter. In a third large barn are stored the hay, clover, and grains until they are threshed. All of the

houses and barns are built of shaven logs and roofed with straw and are exceedingly picturesque.

The grains are threshed by hand or machine. When they are threshed by hand, a large layer of grain is placed on the barn floor, which is hard and clean, and then beaten by flails. After much beating, the grains become separated from the straw. Then the people pick off the straw, thus leaving the grains on the floor. These are swept into a pile and cleaned by hand or by winnowing machines, and then stored to be planted or to be made into flour at the mills. Some times the seeds are separated from the straw in the following manner: horses are driven around over the straw until the seeds are loosened enough to fall to the floor.

The mills are driven by wind, water, or electricity. Half of the mills are still driven by wind, but gradually these wind-driven ones are disappearing to be replaced by more modern structures in which electricity furnishes the power.

Nearly all of the houses are lighted by kerosene lamps. Very few have telephones.

During the last days of our stay in Lithuania my brother and I went to school. The schools are usually conducted in one or two-room buildings. Instead of having seats such as we have in school, they have benches.

For many reasons I thoroughly enjoyed my sojourn in Lithuania. The days were longer than those in our own New England, and the nights were lighter and shorter. During the longest days the sun did not set until about ten o'clock and dawn broke about two in the morning. There were no tall buildings to break the view of the most brilliant and glorious sunsets I have ever seen. As the great red sun slipped behind the tops of the pines or the fields of waving grain it made a picture never to be forgotten. The wild flowers are abundant. Most of them are like those commonly found in New England, but lilacs and poppies seemed to be great favorites. As I rode along the highway, I was attracted by the fragrance of the air, and upon looking about me I saw that fields of blossoming clover were the source of this fragrance.

When the days work was done, the villagers would often meet at the home of some neighbor and have parties or picnics where they enjoyed friendly feasting and merry-making. Market-day also provided recreation, and on some of these days, a circus was an added attraction. The Saints' days, such as those in honor of Peter, Paul and Michael, were largely celebrated, especially the latter, on September 29, when there was special rejoicing, for then

## “SUCH IS LOVE”

Rosamond Imhoff, '32

**L**ITTLE Willie never was a common ordinary child. His doting mother vouches for the fact that he was extremely adept with the word "gimme" when only three years old, and that he always obtained his request for the simple reason that if it was not handed to him he got it by his own efforts. "Of course," she would say with a patronizing air, "My Willie would have beat any lad in town since he started in school if his first teacher had not made the error of seating him in the back row where his budding genius was checked for want of an appreciative audience." This is his mother's picture of Willie.

Now hear about the Willie, known to his playmates and to the neighbors. As the best gum chewer in town, Willie was able to open his mouth wider than any boy in the town under sixteen years of age—to the great admiration of his feminine friends. This mouth was able to take into such articles as an occasional chew of tobacco (taken in order to keep his teeth white), various sorts of grasses, leaves, and twigs (to keep him from getting indigestion), and a frequent white pebble, to bring good luck. Besides these marvelous masticating powers, our hero was a linguist of remarkable ability. He could even "cuss" better than old Tom Pearson, an ex-marine.

Therefore, perhaps you are prepared to find Willie in love at the tender age of ten. Moreover this love had been fully reciprocated for over three weeks, and he was never in doubt for a moment during that time, of Sadie's fidelity. Probably you would like to ask, "How does he do it?" This question will bring no response, for there is no visible reason why Willie's unprepossessing appearance and his more or less vulgar character should exert such a fatal influence over the fairer sex.

However, pride always goes before a fall, and Sylvester Smith was the cause of Willie's descent. The first knowledge Willie gained of Sylvester's arrival in town was the sight of him and Sadie drinking soda pop out of the same glass in the Main Street Drug Store. Imagine his astonishment when he saw Sadie, his adoring pal, for such a long time, with a new gentleman friend. Being broadminded to a certain degree, he left without making known his presence, sincerely hoping that Sadie was out with some unknown cousin.

By adroit questioning Willie learned that Sylvester had just moved from Daleburg into the old mansion next to Sadie's aunt's house, and more important, that unknown to his mother he had been taking boxing lessons out

of his allowance while in that town. When he learned that Sylvester was no cousin to Sadie and that he always had an unlimited supply of nickels on hand, he knew that he had a rival worthy of being feared.

When he called for Sadie the next morning, Sadie called down that she was not yet ready and that he should go ahead. As Willie prepared to go, he saw the Smith's door open, and Sylvester appeared swinging his arms about briskly. As he approached Sadie's house, Willie knew the reason for the delay. This knowledge filled his heart with wrath, for he was not the one to let a stranger that was aspiring to win Sadie's favor, do so without a struggle of some sort. Therefore, Willie stood his ground and in spite of Sylvester's grumblings, Sadie walked to school with a companion on each arm.

The affair continued thus for about three days during which time Willie had been strengthening his defenses by having an ex-prize fighter teach him a few essentials of the art of boxing. Sylvester of course was unaware of Willie's deep-laid plans to have a sort of knightly contest where the best man would win both the combat and the fair lady, and he probably would have worried little if he had known it, for he was absolutely sure of his ability to lick any boy from such a town as Milkville. Meanwhile Willie resolved that when opportunity presented itself, he would challenge his rival.

Early on the fourth morning Willie saw Sadie and Sylvester strolling by, each sucking a lollipop. Willie walked slyly up to them and reminded Sadie, "Oh, Sadie, don't you remember that you promised to come to the pictures with me this afternoon?"

"Yeah, but she's not going now 'cause I'm here," broke in Sylvester complacently.

"Well, I promised Sylvester to go to the circus over in Daleburg, so I'll have to postpone my appointment with you," said Sadie.

"Yeh, you can go to Daleburg, but you're not going with Sylvester 'cause Sylvester has an appointment with me, an' he's goin' to be sick this afternoon."

"Says who?" demanded Sylvester sarcastically. "I dare you to fight right here!"

"Oh, boys!" interposed Sadie fearfully.

"Not right here!" decided Willie with a superior air, "My ma don't let me fight before girls. I'll meet you down back of the ice pond in half an hour." At this each boy strolled away whistling confidently, and Sadie followed alone mentally resolving to witness the fight in secret.

About thirty-five minutes later the strangest scene was taking place back of the ice pond. A small face was peering anxiously through some bushes at two struggling figures.

"You leggo my hair, Willie What's-Your-Name," yelled Sylvester.

"Take yer big foot out of my stomach so I can think an' maybe I'll come to terms!" panted Willie heavily. His nose was bleeding his eyes were beginning to puff, and his mouth was swollen and cut. The boxing lessons had not proved entirely successful, so he had reverted to the ancient cave-man tactics.

Both boys rolled over and over, getting nearer to the shallow water. Sylvester, unable to see through Willie, dislodged the powerful grasp on his hair with one supreme effort. He stood alone for a moment to see himself practically on the edge of the big pond.

"Look out!" he cried terrified, "I can't stand water. I almost got drowned once. Don't you push me in, Willie, please," he tearfully remonstrated as his opponent seemed to be about to take advantage of this unguarded moment.

"Cry baby!" yelled Willie derisively as he hit Sylvester in the stomach with a powerful blow, "I won."

Sadie came running out, "Oh Willie, I'm so glad you licked that big bully. Afraid of water. What a fraid cat!"

"Yeah," murmured Willie absentmindedly, looking at another little girl with yellow curls flying all over her head, running toward Sylvester's groaning form.

"What's the matter with my brother?" she asked. "Oh, Sylvester, did that big ruffian hit you in the stomach? Come on home and I'll fix your scratches" She left, with never a glance backward, followed by Sylvester."

"Oh," sighed Willie gazing raptly at her retreating beauty, deaf to all of Sadie's congratulations. "Do you know Sylvester's family very well, Sadie?" he asked politely.

Poor Sadie! Such is love!

## From New York to Sardigie

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the harvesting had been completed and the peasants therefore had especial reason to rejoice.

It was with deep regret that I departed from lovely Sardigie and her care-free life and friendly hospitality to return to her again—when?

## LA CROIX DE GUERRE

Rita O'Donnell

Le Croix de Guerre is the medal which we see in the pawnshop window on Main Street. Immediately one thinks of the romance and tragedy that may be behind this medal. Let our train of thought carry us to a small town in France in the year 1918, the thirteenth of November. We see Jerry, an American flyer, being decorated by the leading officer of the regiment with Le Croix de Guerre, for fearless bravery and valor in the air raid last night.

We notice that Jerry's hands are twitching. Perhaps it is the excitement, the bands playing, or perhaps he is thinking of last night, the noise and the flashes of his machine gun and that of his enemy. He bore down on the enemy plane; he saw the face of the man he was killing distorted with pain. Never to see this man again in real life! (Only in his dreams would he see that distorted, twisted face as the plane went into a spin.) Down, down and then as it struck the ground it burst into flames!

How many other faces like that one? All different in feature, yet all alike in pain, they came flashing before his eyes over and over again. Would he never stop seeing those eternal faces? Would this cursed war never end?

He was brought back to the scene before him as the officer saluted and stepped back. They were dismissed, back to the chilly barn that was their headquarters. Back to another sleepless night, faces spinning, planes bursting into flames before his eyes until the early dawn, when completely exhausted, he fell asleep.

He was awakened in the morning by shouts, bells ringing, people laughing and crying at the same time. Could this be true? The armistice, the end of the war! No more killing, no more night-flying! Finally the irony of the situation came to him. He had killed that man after the armistice, on account of the failure to get the news through in time.

On ship he had placed the medal at the bottom of his battered pocketbook. The folks at home would like to see it, but he never wanted to see it again.

Home! The town was out to see the homecoming men. Some rejoicing at the sight of dear faces, others mourning for those who were missing.

Good to be home again, oh yes, so good to find one's mother dead from the shock of a mistaken letter, which said briefly that her son had been killed in an air-raid. How lucky he was, people were saying, to be home and to be able to take up the thread of his life again!

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## ATHLETICS

### FOOTBALL

Just before the close of summer vacation, Coach Walsh issued the first call for football candidates. About 35 turned out for the first practice. There were a few veterans left from the previous year. Wesley Stoddard, one of the best tackles in the district the year before, was captain of the team.

After a couple of weeks of good hard training, the team was in the pink of condition for the opening game against Quincy, a team much larger than ours. For the first game Abington played a fairly good game. Quincy scored first made the extra point. Abington kept plugging on a long run for a touchdown. They also along, however, and about the middle of the third period the break came. Van Amringe intercepted a pass and ran 45 yards for a touchdown. The try for the extra point failed. On a series of passes we worked the ball to the 10 yard line only to lose it when a pass was grounded in the end zone on first down. That was Abington's last chance to score. Quincy had the ball on the one yard line when the game ended.

Final score: Quincy 7; Abington 6.

The next week Coach Walsh went over the mistakes in preparation for the game with the strong Mansfield team. They came to Abington with a veteran team. The game was played in the rain, which made it very slow. There was only one chance to score during the whole game. Just before the first half ended, Abington worked a pass to the 2 yard line. The half ended before another play could be started. The second half brought forth no excitement, the game ending just as it had started, scoreless.

The next game was one that we will never forget. On the Saturday following the Mansfield game, the team journeyed to Needham to meet Coach "Al" Weston's outfit. Abington cleanly outplayed them and was within scoring distance many times but lacked the scoring punch. The first three periods were scoreless. The fourth period is history. Abington put on a drive that netted three touchdowns. Damon was the star carrying the ball over twice for touchdowns. Before the game was over, 10 subs saw action for the first time.

Final score: Abington 18; Needham 0.

On Columbus Day morning we met Hingham. Abington played their best game of the year that day. Hingham scored early on a 60 yard run by Handrahen, who was one of the best running backs we played against all year. They also made the extra point. Before the half ended Abington started a drive from their own 30 yard line, which did not end until Esten

went over for the touchdown. He also kicked the goal, tying the score. There was much excitement during the third period but no score was made. With 3 minutes of the game remaining, Hingham completed a long pass for the winning touchdown. Although we were beaten, the team cleanly outplayed its opponents.

Final score: Hingham 14; Abington 7.

The following Saturday found the Plymouth lads at Abington. This game was rather slow, with Abington taking an early lead and keeping it throughout. This was the first time in many years that Abington had beaten Plymouth.

Final score: Abington 18; Plymouth 7.

There is nothing to be said about the New Bedford game. They were one of the best teams in the state. Fuller's kicking was the feature of this game.

Final score: New Bedford 38; Abington 0.

Abington blew up in the game with Weymouth. We scored on the first play after the kickoff when Esten ran 66 yards for a touchdown. He also kicked the goal. Abington kicked off to Weymouth and on the first play they completed a pass for a touchdown and also added the point. The score at the half was 13-7 in Weymouth's favor. They scored again in the third period. Van Amringe ran 15 yards for a touchdown in the final quarter.

Final score: Weymouth 20; Abington 13.

The Bridgewater game proved to be the easiest one for Abington. In that game Abington showed a powerful offense during the latter part of the first half and all during the second half. We scored almost at will. The passing combination — Damon to Stetson — functioned in the latter part of the game for two touchdowns. Condon made a 60 yard run just before the game ended. The final whistle found the score to be Abington 32, Bridgewater 7.

Abington now pointed to the two rivals, Rockland and Whitman. Rockland came over the Saturday before Thanksgiving Day with a light but fast team. Abington did not show much power in this game. The first 3 periods were scoreless with very little excitement. In the fourth period Fuller tossed a pass to Van Amringe who ran to the 20 yard line. From this point Damon carried it over for the only score of the game.

Final score: Abington 6; Rockland 0.

Very few people who saw the Abington-Whitman clash will ever forget it, but I should like to recall a few exciting plays. One must not forget how Pierce of Whitman broke away for a 70 yard run on the first play of the game only

to be caught on the 5 yard line by Van-Amringe. The score might have been different had DiCicco not recovered a fumble on the next play. The first touchdown was made on a 66 yard run by John Condon, the fast-traveling back. Just before the half ended Van Amringe caught a pass 6 inches inside the side line and galloped 13 yards to a score. The half ended with the score 13-0. Abington came out for the second half with a big lead. Whitman, not to be outdone, scored when Pierce broke away for several long runs finally carrying it over from the 8 yard line. Perhaps the prettiest play of the game came when Walter Nash entered the game. On the first play he zigzagged his way 65 yards for the final score for Abington. Whitman put on a last minute drive that netted them a touchdown with 15 seconds remaining to play.

The final score: Abington 20; Whitman 12.

The individual star on the field that day was Earl Pierce of Whitman. The boys who stopped Pierce many times during the game were Captain Stoddard and Van Amringe. It was the most exciting game played on the Abington field in many years.

Although many names are omitted, everybody on the squad worked his hardest from the opening of the season until the final whistle in the Turkey Day clash. We cannot forget our captain and leader, Wesley Stoddard.

The members of the senior class in saying good-bye to Coach Walsh wish him the best of luck next season. Everyone is looking ahead to a championship team within a few years.

### BASKETBALL

Shortly after Thanksgiving Coach Morey called out the basketball candidates. Three veterans were left from the championship team of the year before. The team was represented by a joint captaincy, Edward Esten and Harold Dame. Beside the captains, Boles Buchaweski was left. John Condon, Robert Farley, and Broni Malinowski made up the balance of the team.

In the first game Abington showed much power in defeating Hingham 29-16. Boles and Esten played well for Abington.

The next game found Abington on the long end of a 33-18 score. The game was played at Hanover. Esten and Farley were outstanding.

Abington continued their winning streak by swamping Stoughton 35-7. Condon played a nice defensive game while Boles and Farley starred on the offense.

We won our fourth straight game at Plymouth in one of the most exciting games ever played on that floor. The regular game ended 16 all. In the first overtime period each team scored a basket. In the second overtime period

Malinowski '35, scored a foul shot and Condon a basket. The final score was Abington 21, Plymouth 18; two overtime periods.

Abington won their game at Randolph 76-14. Randolph gave no opposition whatever. Boles scored almost at will in that game.

Then followed our old rivals, Rockland. The game seemed to be a walk-away for Abington. The score at the half was 17-9. In the second half Abington became careless and when the final whistle blew the score was Rockland 22, Abington 21. This broke Abington's winning streak of five games.

The team played its worst game of the year at Bridgewater. The game was close during the first half but in the second half Bridgewater ran wild. This was the largest score made against Abington all year in a single game.

Bridgewater 42; Abington 24.

Abington went to Middleboro for their eighth game. The team couldn't seem to get out of the slump that they were in and were nosed out again. The final score was Middleboro 22, Abington 19.

The team went to Hingham without Mr. Morey and returned home on the short end of a 20-15 score. Farley was sensational in that game.

The next game found Abington traveling to Plymouth for their second clash with the shire town lads. This game was almost as exciting as the first encounter. The final whistle found Plymouth in the lead 22-18 and Abington had suffered their fifth and last defeat of the regular season.

Stoughton became Abington's victim for the second time. This broke Abington's five game losing streak. Esten and Boles pulled Abington through to victory. The final score was Abington 31, Stoughton 15.

The winning column continued to grow in the game with Middleboro. Boles played a very sensational game, scoring 21 points. The final tally was Abington 25, Middleboro 21.

The objective game came next. Our traditional rivals Rockland, who had nosed us out in the first game proved no match for the little green in the second clash. Condon was the star. The final score was Abington 18, Rockland 12.

Abington continued in the winning column at North Easton. The game was fast and exciting all the way but Abington was a little too strong. Esten shot many sensational baskets during the game. Final score, Abington 35, North Easton 31.

The final game of the regular season was against East Bridgewater just before the tournament. If subs had not been put in the game, the score might have been very one-sided. The

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## GLORY IN THE COMMONPLACE

Elizabeth W. Clapp, '32

**U**NCLE David, please tell me a story," begged Jimmie. It is the universal plea of small boys all over the world and Uncle David had heard it many times before.

He looked out across the hills that could be seen from the wide front porch of the comfortable farmhouse, crossed and re-crossed his legs, and finally, just as Jimmie thought he could not wait a second longer, Uncle David spoke. "Well, now, I guess I've 'bout used up all the stories 'bout when I was a boy. I've told you, land knows how many times, 'bout the day the circus come to town and 'bout the spellin' bees in the old schoolhouse and 'bout the singin' school."

Jimmie's face fell but he waited hopefully while Uncle David thought some more.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "I've got it! You recollect what the parson preached about last Sabbath?"

Jimmie said slowly, "Something about glory in commonplace things, I think."

Uncle David nodded. "Yes," he said, "but most of the things the parson spoke of I don't know nothing about. Be that as it may, I know something 'bout glory on this old farm that the parson never dreamed of. I've worked this farm, man and boy, for nigh onto sixty years and my father and grandfather before me. I never got no book learning beyond what the master at the little crossroads school pounded into me with a birch stick. But my brother, Jud, now he were downright smart. He could add a column of figgers quick as a wink. He went to the City to school and now he's got a good paying job there."

"It were Jud first showed me how pretty a common little thing like a snowflake is and started me out huntin' fer glory in common things. It were snowin' soft and lazy like and Jud took me out and caught some flakes on his sleeve and showed me stars and things through a magnifying glass.

"From that day on I wanted to find glory on the farm. Jud thought I was crazy and said so. All he could see were money. Mother understood though and helped me." His eyes softened as he glanced toward the white church on an opposite hill against its background of trees. There, in the old graveyard, his Mother lay under a simple headstone with wild roses growing there, planted and cared for by his own hands.

After a minute he cleared his throat and went on, "Mother helped me. She bought me books 'bout birds and flowers and things. I were more interested in birds and flowers

though. Mostly I studied 'em right in the woods and fields. I still remember how excited I was one cold, bleak day in February when I heard a bird singin' 'Phoebe, phoebe!' I knew it were too early for phoebes so I looked out. There in the old lilac by the well were a chickadee singin' fit to bust. I looked him up in the book and found that that song were his Spring song, his mating song. He sure were a plucky little type. A cold, raw wind was ruffling all the feathers on his wee body the wrong way, but he sang on just the same. He was trying and trying his hardest to tell them grouchy humans in-doors to quit growlin' 'bout the weather because Spring was bound to come sometime. It couldn't help it.

"Only a few days later I found a little brown bush puttin' out leaves. It warn't much 'count as to size, but it had felt a warm spell a week or two before and started. Then it kep' on in spite of ice and snow all 'round it.

"You should-a seen Mother the first day a crocus poked its head through the dried brown grass on the lawn! I can see her yet bending over it and touching it gently with her fingers, her eyes all starry and her cheeks pink as a girls. All the rest of the day she were singin' at her work. There was sure glory in that crocus to make Mother like that!"

"So it went the rest of the year. It were lots of fun stickin' little brown seeds into the ground and watchin' 'em turn into green growin' things and caring for 'em even if they were only carrots and other vegetables. We had flowers too—Mother loved 'em.

"Then came the harvest and all. The leaves were all turnin' bright colors. The far hills had a purple haze across 'em and the valleys looked like they were afire. It were like a band playin' march tunes, you felt all jumpy inside. Then one mornin' we woke up to see a white blanket spread over the hills and more snow fallin'. In this way I've watched many years come over the hills and disappear again. I ain't got no kin now except Jud—and he don't care 'bout me. Father, Mother, wife and boy—they're all down there in the old graveyard. All the youngsters in the village call me "Uncle" but you're most like my own, the little boy I lost years ago."

"Well, Sonny, it's time to run home to supper. But wait! Stand still and see that sunset. Maybe you don't understand what I've said today but some day, when you're a man grown, as you watch a sunset it'll come back and you'll understand. Now hurry, your Mother is waiting."

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## A SCHOOL DESK COVER

A school desk cover proves to be an enlightening and interesting article. Almost every cover is a maze of designs, initials, and fragments of knowledge. Many lovesick students have carved on a desk their own initials and the initials of their beloved. These same students have immortalized the story of their love affair. Of course, this has to be in a very abbreviated form. Most of these initials are perpetuated by generous applications of a knife. Some are preserved for future generations by the employment of a pencil. On some desks in Abington High School, one can see the letters "ABCD." Whether this was written by some student who was trying to learn the alphabet or whether it has some deeper meaning can only be guessed.

A desk cover to some people means a source of knowledge during a test. How easy it is to write the conjugation of a Latin verb on a desk cover. After the test it can be erased. Some students do not take the time or trouble to erase the bit of information. If not, this is added to the conglomeration of things already there.

A desk covers affords a place for the artistic talent of the student who apparently has nothing to do in the study hall. It is a temptation to draw the facsimile of the student across the aisle. However, if the teacher happens to see one in the act of drawing a picture, she may not appreciate the talent.

If a person cares to spend the time, the study of a school desk cover will prove very end."

F. Goodhue, '33.

## LIFE

"Signals! Eighty-three — thirty-seven — twenty-eight—hip!" The ball is snapped back from the center to the quarter-back who places it into the outstretched arms of a red-headed end. The ball carrier is out of the danger zone, tearing twenty-five yards for a touchdown. The touchdown is made amid the shouts and cheers from the onlookers. Why did the play succeed? Why wasn't the end tackled before he reached the goal line? The play succeeded because the signals were executed accurately and every man knew what he was to do and did it. It is the same with life. We are going to school now, learning our signals like the football player, and after graduation we enter the struggle of life.

R. W.

## MORE ASSEMBLIES

What hidden talent is there in our student body? Observe closely and see if there isn't an unknown songbird, a virtuoso, an undiscovered speaker. Listen and you will find enough arguments and suggestions for the betterment of the school which would supply the newly formed debate club with material for a month's debates.

Now all this material is at hand. How shall it be developed? The answer is, at least in my point of view, "More assemblies." Quite often one hears a person reminiscing speak of such and such a song, or such a speech that someone made in assemblies. If these things have happened in assemblies and have stayed by them throughout the years, isn't it one good argument for them?

Besides developing talent, assemblies bring the entire student body together. It renews social contact, enriches the student's mind with ideas and ideals, brings forth the common purpose they all possess and binds them together as a unit rather than a straggling four division affair.

R. F.

## OH! YOU DIDN'T KNOW?

Silence reigns. Suddenly a bell sounds. From all directions students pour forth from class rooms to corridors. Much talking and laughing follows, mingled with the steady grind of pencil sharpeners, the rattling of keys, and banging of doors. Then silence again save for the faint buzz from the nearby rooms!

Almost immediately, within hearing distance of the study hall, which as usual is still "settling down," an authoritative voice is heard inquiring, "Where do you belong anyway? Well, you must know you mustn't stay here. How many times must I tell you! No, you can't go in there either," followed by much mumbled argument.

There,—You come with me and we'll see about this"—

But then, we've all tried it, and just one more unsuspected pupil has learned that the assembly hall was never made to satisfy his needs for more concentration and a desire for a higher education.

B. D. Ludden, '32.

Miss Smith (during Latin test): "Ran, have you finished the fourth question?"

Ransom: "Yes, we've finished the fourth and are on the fifth."

## THE HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR WRITES IN HER DIARY:

Dear Diary—I'm worried about the B. F. (You know who I mean—my special dish, Jeff) 'Caus last night I had the uncanniest dream—It seems he mixed rat poison in my ice cream.

And anyway, Diary, you know how I am—So hot-cha-cha over the Petrified Ham—Gee, at midnight, whenever he makes for the door, And I plead with him softly, "Just five minutes more Can't make any difference—" But to my regret He says, "I've got a mile to walk, don't forget." But I never had such a pash before! (He knows it too that's what makes me sore.)

But he makes me happy—most of the time, He's got me sappy—all of the time. He's honey, and crazy, He's funny, and lazy— (Now tell me, Diary, can't I rhyme?)

He's sweet and lovely—once in a while—He treats me roughly, but I love his style. He chills me and thrills me—And almost kills me—But Diary, he's got the darlingsmile!

He calls me names like "Fishface" and "Dunce"—Enthralls me with names like "Fishface" and "Dunce"—He pushes and shoves me, But I think he loves me—Yes, I think he does, cause he said so once.

Gee, I feel better now, Diary dear, It's really the berries the way you can cheer This petite femme when she's down in the dumps—Gee whiz! I forgot—! I bought some new pumps With the money Aunt Phyllis gave me today, And I went to a movie called "Lovers Get Gay"; It sure was the works, and I laughed like the deuce When the boy called the girl a "sweet little goose"—And I wondered how Jeff would sound, saying just once "You sweet little goose" instead of "You Dunce!"

Now Diary, I'm tired, and I'm going to bed, Tho' tomorrow I'll wish I had studied instead . . .

Just one more word before I turn out the light, Sweet dreams to the Boy Friend, and to you a goodnight.

Muguet C. Russell, '32.

## A BLUET

Oh! Delicate Innocence;  
Amulet of coming rousings.  
Dayflower—as 'twere—hushed  
Mid emulous rose-wreaths.  
To thee is given—the dawn,  
New stirred of breathings gentle;  
Soft breasts—sweet glowing  
Twixt clinging after-radiance.  
To thee all budding nature  
Through sylvan wildered way,  
Lends thee flower-guided beauty.  
Till eventide's slow misty veil  
Lolls through low-limbed loveliness;  
Caresses thee with light knowings,  
Cloistering thy tender freshness  
'Neath nigrescent wingings.

Donald F. Lytle.

## OUR LIFE

This life is ours to live,  
To do the best we can.  
Soul and body will we give,  
To be a help to man.

Every man should try to do  
As he would be done by,  
For as man gives so he receives,  
To the last cent, by and by.

Give love and love will fill your life,  
Give hate and hate is yours;  
For as you give, so you receive,  
And shall while life endures.

Wesley Stoddard.

## A BROWN-EYED BOY

Two big brown eyes looked up at me  
Two little brown curls shook themselves at me.  
Then two little lips as red as a cherry  
And a nose like a little round berry  
All disappeared under a little pink quilt  
And the room with little boy's laughter fil't.

Now one little toe, so pink and so sweet!  
Now one white foot, and then both feet!  
Then out he tumbled  
With blankets all jumbled.  
How those big brown eyes twinkled with fun  
At all the mischief he thought he had done!

## Athletics

*Continued from Page 22*

final score was Abington 33, East Bridgewater 22. Boles, Esten, and Farley starred.

Abington drew Plymouth as an opponent in the tournament. During the regular season each team had defeated the other by pretty nearly the same score. We got away to a good start and seemed to have the game won until the breaks started to go against us. Boles had to leave the game via the foul route and Condon soon followed. This broke up our smooth working combination which had given us a seven point lead. When the final gun sounded, Abington had been eliminated by the small margin of three points, 20-17.

The prospects for the coming season are very promising, with Boles, Farley, Condon, Malinowski, and Medvitz left from the first squad. I think much credit is due Coach Morey for the teams that he turns out on the court each year. The graduating members of the team are looking ahead to next season when we expect the cup to be brought over to Abington High School permanently.

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## BASEBALL

Although the track team has not enjoyed a very successful season thus far, the baseball team, under the direction of Coach Morey, is the best one in many years. To date the nine has won four games, lost four, and tied one, with six games remaining on the schedule. The victories have been over Randolph, East Bridgewater, Middleboro, and Hingham. Defeats have been sustained at the hands of Plymouth twice, Hingham and Whitman. The pitching of Fuller, and the consistent hitting of Captain Stetson and Brenner have been outstanding. If we can win the remaining six games, the season will be a very successful one.

Won 4—Lost 4—Tied 1.

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## Glory in the Commonplace

*Continued from Page 23*

For a long time the bent, white-haired old man stood looking down the road along which the eager-eyed little lad had hurried. Then, with a heavy sigh he turned and slowly entered his own lonely house.

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## Momentous Errors

Morey (In bus after basketball game): "All those who aren't here say so!"

## The Bishop's Curse

*Continued from Page 16*

in London, Sir Thomas, and I would appreciate it if you would try to be lenient in your judgment of him."

"Well, I'm not sure that I do not owe him a debt of gratitude, you see—Patricia seems to have enjoyed all the excitement," Sir Thomas explained.

"One thing more," Patricia persisted. "You said — and I was expecting it too — that Piper, the gardener, would have something to do with this affair . . . ."

"And so he did," agreed Derringer, "you see — I — am Piper!"

"YOU!?" they all chorused.

"Oh yes—that's why I was so surprised when Simms told of his meeting with the second person with black rubber gloves—Mr. Trenton here! Of course Piper has always been my favorite character. You will remember, Sir Thomas, that you sent for a detective about a week ago — well, Piper came looking for a position the next day and; you innocently handed him the job! I guess I am what might be termed a 'jack-of-all-trades', detective, electrician, gardener—and, Miss Patricia, organist!"

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## La Croix de Guerre

*Continued from Page 20*

The next day we see Jerry going back to his old job. He started with surprise as he glanced at a sign by the door. **All Positions Filled.** Surely he could have his old job again. He would go in and see the boss. The boss was busy. A job? An old employee back from the war? Sorry, perhaps if he left his name they might need him later. Round after round, all the positions were filled.

The money he had was dwindling down to nothing, and one day all he had left was the medal. He looked at the medal and glanced up. He was right before the door of the pawnshop. What an idea, a few cents in exchange for his mother's life, all the other lives, those sleepless nights, a lost job and shattered nerves. We see him in the pawnshop, a cynical light in his eyes, a twisted, grim smile on his lips as he receives the money and check. Beyond that who knows? He has never come back for his medal.

---

He: "What are those marionettes I hear about?"

R. Faunce: "Why, they are little Marions, stupid."

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